

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL

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CHAPTER XXV.

A Reappearance of the General. Keith did not inform Hope of her brother's death until the following morning, but had the body properly prepared for burial, and devoted the remainder of the night to searching for General Waite, and, incidentally, for both Hawley and Scott. Both Nickbook and Fairbairn assisted in this effort to learn the whereabouts of the dead boy's father, but without the slightest result, nor did Keith's investigations reveal the gambler at any of his accustomed resorts, while Scott had apparently made a complete getaway. These disappearances merely served to convince him as to the truth of his first suspicions; Scott might have departed for good, but Hawley would certainly reappear just as soon as he secured his name had not been mentioned in connection with the tragedy. To Neb alone did the plainsman candidly confide his belief in the guilt of these two, and when other duties called him elsewhere, he left the negro scouring the town for any possible reappearance of either.

Heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, heavy-hearted with his message, yet fully decided as to what advice he should offer, Keith returned to the hotel, and requested an interview with Hope. Although still comparatively early, some premonition of evil had awakened the girl, and in a very few moments she was prepared to receive her visitor. A questioning glance into his face was sufficient to assure her of unpleasant news, but, with one quick breath, she grasped his arm as though his very presence afforded her strength.

"How tired you look! Something has occurred to keep you out all night—yes—and I know you have brought me bad news. Don't be afraid to tell me; I can bear anything better than suspense. Is it about father?"

"No, Hope," and he took her hand, and led her to a chair. Bending above her he gave her the whole story of the night, and she scarcely interrupted with a question, sitting there dry-eyed, with only an occasional sob shaking her slender form. As he ended, she looked up into his face, and now he could see a mist of unshed tears in her eyes.

"What shall I do, Captain Keith? I am all alone with this, except for you."

"I have considered that, Hope," he answered, gravely, "and it seems to me your present duty is more to the living than the dead. You should remain here until we learn something definite regarding your father, and discover the truth of this conspiracy formed against him. If Fred could know the trouble his chance words have caused, he would wish you to do this. With him gone, we are going to find the unravelling harder than ever. It is my judgment, Hope, your brother should be buried here."

She shuddered, her hands pressed to her eyes.

"Oh, on that horrible 'Boots Hill'?"

"Only temporarily, little girl, his voice full of deepest sympathy. In a few weeks, perhaps, it could be removed East."

She was silent for what seemed to him a long while; then she looked up into his face, clinging to his arm.

"Yes," she said, "that will be best."

That same afternoon, the sun low in the west, they placed the dead boy in his shallow grave on "Boots Hill." It was a strange funeral, in a strange environment—all about the barren, deserted plains; far away to the east and west, the darker line marking the railroad grade, and just below, nestled close in against the foot of the hill, the squalid town of tents and shacks. There were not many to stand beside the open grave, for few in Sheridan knew the lad, and funerals were not uncommon—some cronies, half-drunk and maudlin, awed somewhat by the presence of the marshal, Doctor Fairbairn, Keith and Hope. That was all excepting the post chaplain from Fort Riley, who, inspired by a glimpse of the girl's unveiled face, spoke simple words of comfort. It was all over with quickly, and with the red sun still lingering on the horizon, the little party slowly wended their way back, down the steep trail into the one long street of Sheridan.

At the hotel Neb was waiting, the whites of his eyes shining with excitement, his patomime indicating important news. As soon as he could leave Hope, Keith hurried down to interview his dusky satellite, who appeared about to burst with restrained information. As soon as uncorked that individual began to flow volubly: "I sho' done seed 'em, Massa Jack; I done seed 'em both."

"Both? Both who?"

"Massa Waite, sah, an' dat black debble dat we was huntin' for." It was a most surpris'n circumstance, sah—a mos' surpris'n circumstance.

"Well, go on; where did you see them? Do you mean they were together?"

Idea.

"It sho' am de strangest t'ing, Massa Jack, ebber I prognosticated. I was jest comin' roun' de corner ob Sheeny Joe's shebang, back dar by de blacksmith shop, when—de Lawd save me!—yere come de Massa Waite, a ridin' 'long on a cream colo'd pinto just as much alibe as ebber he was. Yas, sah; he's whiskers was blowin' roun', an' I could eben yeah him cussin' he boss, when he done shy at a man what got up sudden like from a cart-wheel he was settin' on. I done took one look at dat secon' fellar, and seed it was dat black debble from down Carson way. Den I ducked into de blacksmith shop out 'er sight. I sho' didn't want Mister Hawley to git no chance at dis nigger—I sho' didn't."

"Did they speak to one another?" Keith asked, anxiously. "Did you hear what was said?"

"Sho' dey talked, Massa Jack. I sorter reckon dey was dar for dat special purpose. Sutt'nly, sah, dey went right at talkin' like dey had som't'ing on dey minds. O' Massa Waite was a sittin' straight up on de horse, an' dat black debble was a standin' dar in front ob him. O' Massa Waite he was mad from de first jump off, an' I could heah most eberr'yting he said, but Mr. Hawley he grin de same way he do when he deal fero, an' speaks kinder low. De o' man he swear fine at him, he call him eberr'yting—a damn liar, a damn scoundrel—but Mr. Hawley he jest grin, and say ober de same t'ing."

"What was that, Neb?"

"Som't'ing 'bout a gal, Massa Jack—an' a law suit—"

"—an' a law suit—an' how de o' man better settle up widout no fightin'. I jest didn't git de whole ob it, he talked so low like."

"What did Waite say?"

"Well, mostly he jest cussed. He sho' told dat black debble 'bout what he thought ob him, but he didn't neber call him Hawley—no, sah, not once; he done call him Bartlett, or 'somethin' or odder like dat. But he sutt'nly read dat man's pedigree from way back to de time de flood, I reckon. An' he done swore he'd fight for whitebber it was, papers or no papers. Den Hawley, he got plumb tired ob de o' man swearin' at him, an' he grabbed a pictor out ob he's pocket, an' says, 'Damn you; look at dat! What kind ob a fight can you make against dat face?' De o' man stared at it a while, sorter chokin' up; den he say softer like: 'It's Hope; where did you ebber get dat?' and de black debble he laughed, an' showed de pictor back into he's pocket. 'Hope, hell!' he say, 'It's Phyllis, an' I'll put her before any jury you're mind to get—oh, I've got you nailed, Waite, dis time.'"

"Was that all?"

"De o' gin'ral he didn't seem ter know what ter say; he done set dar lookin' ob ober de prairie like he was clear fumagasted. He sho' did look like dat black debble had hit him mighty hard. Den he says slow like, turnin' his horse 'round: 'Bartlett, you an' puttin' up a good bluff, but, by Gawd, I'm goin' ter call you.' You don't get a cent ob dat money 'less you put up de proof. I'll meet you 'whar you say, but if I can git 'ol ob some papers dat's missin' I'll take dat grin ob you face.' De odder one laughed, an' de o' gin'ral started for ter ride away, den he pull up he's horse, an' look back. 'You sorter herd wid dat kind ob cattle, Bartlett,' he say, sharp like, 'maybe you know a gambler roun' yere called Hawley?' De black debble neber eben lose he's grin. 'Do you mean Black Bart Hawley?' 'Dat's the man, where is he?' 'Dealin' fero fo' Mike Kenna in Topeka a week ago—friend ob yours?' 'Dat's none ob you damned business,' snorted de o' gin'ral, givin' his horse de spur. Sho', Massa Jack, he neber knowed he was talkin' ter dat same Hawley, an' dat black debble jest laughed as he rode off."

"When was all this, Neb?"

"'Bout de time you all went up on de hill, I reckon. I done come right yere, and waited."

Keith walked across the room, selected a cigar, and came back, his mind busy with the problem. Hawley had in some manner, then, got into communication with Waite, and was threatening him. But Waite evidently knew the man under another name—his given name—and the gambler had sent him off on a false trail. The lost papers apparently contained the solution to all this mystery. Waite believed Hawley possessed them, but did not suspect that Bartlett and Hawley were the same person. What would he most naturally do now? Seek Hawley in Topeka probably; seize the first opportunity of getting there. Keith turned impatiently to the clerk.

"Any train running east?"

"Well, they generally start one out every day," with a glance toward the clock, "long 'bout this time. Maybe it's gone, and maybe it hasn't."

It was already nearly dark outside as the two men hastened toward the depot. They arrived there barely in time to see the red lights on the last car disappear. No inquiries made of those lounging about brought results—they had been interested in a lot of drunken graders loaded on the flat cars by force, and sent out under guard—and not one could tell whether any man answering Waite's description was in the single passenger coach. Convinced, however, that the General would waste no time in prosecuting his search, Keith believed him already on his way east, and after dismissing Neb, with instructions to watch out closely for Hawley, he made his own way back to the hotel.

It seemed strange enough how completely he was blocked each time, just as he thought the whole baffling mystery was about to be made clear. Hawley was playing in rare luck, all the cards running easily to his hand, thus, at least, gaining time, and strengthening his position. There could no longer be any doubt that the gambler possessed some knowledge which made



"Som't'ing 'Bout a Gal, Massa Jack—an' a Law Suit."

him a formidable adversary. From Waite's statement it was the loss of the papers which left him helpless to openly resist the claim being made upon him on behalf of the mysterious Phyllis. His only hope, therefore, lay in recovering these; but, with time limited, he had been sent back on a wild goose chase, while Keith alone knew, with any degree of positiveness, where those documents really were. Hawley certainly had them in his possession the day before, for he had taken them to Miss Macaire to thus convince her as to the truth of his statements. And Hawley was still in Sheridan. However, it was not likely the man would risk carrying documents of such value, and documents connecting him so closely with that murder on the Santa Fe Trail, about upon his person. At best, life was cheap in that community, and Black Bart must possess enemies in plenty. Yet if not on his person—where? Scott was only a tool, a mere ignorant desperado, not to be trusted to such a degree—yet apparently he was the only one working with the gambler in this deal, the only one cognizant as to his plans. Christie—Keith came to a stop in the street at the recurrence of the woman's name. Why not? If she had been convinced, if she really believed that these papers proved her right to both property and parentage, then she would guard them as a tigress does her young. And Hawley would know that, and must realize they would be far safer in her hands than in his pocket. She could not use them without his aid and guidance, and yet, whatever happened to him they would still be safely beyond reach. True, this might not have been done; the gambler might not yet have felt that he had sufficient hold upon the woman to trust her thus far, but it was, at least, a possibility to be considered, and acted upon.

Still wrestling with the intricate problem, Keith entered the dining-room, and weaved his way, as usual, through the miscellaneous crowd, toward the more exclusive tables at the rear. A woman sat alone at one of these, her back toward the door. His first thought was that it must be Hope, and he advanced toward her, his heart throbbing. She glanced up, a slight frown wrinkling her forehead, and he bowed, recognizing Christie Macaire.

(To Be Continued.)

Hogs as a Money Crop.

There are comparatively few sections of the South where a surplus of pork is produced over that required for home consumption. The surprising results secured in those localities, however, where proper attention has been given to the hog industry is the subject at present of much favorable comment, and there is a rapidly growing interest in the business. There have been two difficulties which held the business in check in the last four years. One was the prevalence of hog cholera and the other the high price of corn, for it is only within a comparatively short time that the advantage of growing hogs on green feed has been generally recognized. Hog cholera for many years has been the terror of those engaging in the breeding of this class of animals, and it is still to be feared by all who fail to protect their animals against its inroads with the serum treatment which has now been perfected. While this treatment costs something, the expense involved is comparatively nothing in proportion to the loss which will result from an outbreak of cholera in a herd even of comparatively small proportions. The farmer may rest assured, therefore, that he can now protect 99 per cent of his herd from destruction by cholera for the expenditure of a few dollars. The wise farmer will take this precaution.

The next educative step in the process of building a hog industry commensurate with the needs of the South is the widespread recognition of the fact that pork can be made satisfactorily and at a low cost on grazing crops. To accomplish this it is necessary for the crops to be grown in a proper sequence so that something will be available for green feed virtually throughout the year. It is certainly folly to attempt to raise and maintain hogs on corn alone, for many experiments have shown that where animals are closely confined and have reached any considerable development, a bushel of

corn will not produce more than 6 to 8 pounds of pork. Of course, under extremely favorable conditions as much as 12 pounds may sometimes be secured, but even then, corn at a dollar a bushel is altogether too high priced to feed in proportion to the returns secured from it. As a matter of fact, a drove of hogs fed on grazing crops will result in the production of a much larger amount of pork and the animals will be kept much freer of disease and in a healthier and more vigorous condition by reason of their ability to gather their own food.

There are certain crops which may be grown successfully from which 700 to 1,000 pounds of pork per acre have been made in various experiments reported up to date. Even though not more than 500 pounds of pork be secured from an acre of soy beans, at 8 cents per pound live weight, it would represent a return of \$40 per acre, and it is relatively easier to grow an acre of soy beans and make this amount of pork than to produce 40 bushels of corn. Suppose the 40 bushels of corn if fed alone produced as much as 10 pounds of pork per bushel which would seldom be the case, the return per acre would be at the rate of 400 pounds with a money value of \$32. Cow peas may be expected to make as good a record as soy beans, while peanuts in experiments to date surpass both these crops in the amount of pork secured per acre. In fact, there is no crop grown up to the present time which compares with peanuts for this purpose. There is one objection to the exclusive use of the peanut in that it makes a soft, oily pork, but if some corn be fed, say not over two pounds per head per day to well develop animals, while grazing on peanuts, this objection will be largely overcome. Another plan is to confine the hogs to pens and feed them for about 30 days on corn after removing them from the field. If the cowpeas and soy beans are planted in succession, that is, early and late varieties selected, grazing on these crops may be had easily from the first of August to the first of October. Peanuts may be grazed until the first of the year; certainly until cold enough weather arrives to permit of the slaughtering and satisfactory sale of the greater part of the animals.

The object of the owner should be to raise two litters per year whenever possible, and to do this he should not lose sight of the fact that extra good care and feeding will be necessary. An effort should be made to manage the sows so as to have the smallest number of pigs to feed and handle in the coldest part of the winter when the weather is cold and wet. For winter grazing artichokes should be planted. This crop is not any more difficult to grow than Irish potatoes. They will make a yield of several hundred bushels per acre and provide a succulent and most desirable form of food for brood sows and other hogs during the winter season. In the spring fall-sown oats and vetch will serve every purpose. Some oats may be sown in the spring so as to prolong the sequence of crops. Rape will also be a very valuable crop for spring grazing. Most people do not realize the value of oats as a food for hogs. It has been shown that when the grain is passing out of the dough stage when the animals are turned on this crop that from 300 to 500 pounds of pork may often be secured. The hogs will gather and harvest the grain very completely and the straw and litter left on the ground will enrich the soil materially.

Unquestionably, a comparatively small area of land may be made to accommodate a relatively large number of hogs, and if the herd is protected by the use of the serum treatment, the loss may be reduced to a minimum, and in a great majority of cases prevented altogether. It has been demonstrated that pork may be made at a cost of 2.5 to 3.5 cents a pound on grazing crops. Even at a higher figure it can be made at less than half the cost which will be entailed where grain is fed. There is not a section of the South which is not admirably adapted for the growth of the variety of sowing crops necessary to produce pork under the grazing system with economy and advantage to the farmer.

HOKE SMITH FOR ECONOMY.

Governor of Georgia Appears Before Senate Committee and Urges Reduction of Appropriation.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 14.—Gov. Hoke Smith today appeared before the committee on appropriations of the State senate and urged the reduction of the appropriations as fixed by the house bill by the sum of at least \$150,000. In addressing the committee the governor stated the total amount appropriated by the house exceeded the revenues of the State in 1909 by the amount named.

After considerable deliberation the committee succeeded in cutting the appropriation to the extent of appropriations now aggregate about \$3,500,000.

DEGENERATES ORDERED AWAY.

Summer Visitors Cause Order of Expulsion from Malaga Island.

Aroused by the complaints of summer visitors and nearby residents in the beautiful town of Phippsburg, Attorney General Pattangall, according to a Bangor, Me., special, has given notice to about forty degenerates now inhabiting the little island of Malaga, at the mouth of the New Meadows river, to vacate the island.

Descended from a Portuguese sailor and a white woman, these benighted people, only a mile from the seat of one of Maine's leading colleges at Brunswick, live like savages, only recently observing the laws of God and man. They are composed of negroes, Portuguese and whites, and, neglected by mankind, have lived a life under almost unimaginable conditions.

The old tribal customs still prevail among these people. They have a king in John P. Murphy, who is boss of the island and the most intelligent and only self-supporting citizen of Malaga. He owns a motorboat and makes a good living lobster fishing and taking summer visitors sailing and fishing.

These people pay no taxes, observe no laws and live or six years ago were so low in the human scale that a local justice of the peace went over to the island, shot a half dozen dogs and married all the couples he could round up. The death of the dogs caused the more comment.

The days of the week, calendar dates, people's ages, definite paternities—these things are unknown quantities among the Malagaites. They live in hovels that, for lack of sanitation, are almost inconceivable. With one or two exceptions the shacks have dirt floors and a single room. Here men, women children, blacks and whites, cats and dogs, to say nothing of other crawling things, live and have their being.

There are more dogs and goats in Malaga to the square foot than anywhere else in the world, possibly excepting Constantinople.—Exchange.

A Newspaper Woman.

The Star recently announced that Editor T. L. Gant, of the Whiteville News-Reporter, was going to be off on a jaunt to Chimney Rock and other sequestered nooks of the mountain country of western North Carolina. With a number of genial companions he started off a few days ago and they are having a good time following up the call of the wild. It is a care-free party, and Editor Gant is the freest from it of anybody else, for he threw down editorial work, abandoned the print shop and went off bent on seeing all the sights and getting the most out of life.

The News-Reporter editor knew he could afford to take a vacation, for he was aware he could leave the paper in the capable hands of his daughter, Mrs. Helen Gant Mims. It might be a good joke on him to say that the readers of the News-Reporter are glad he has gone, but, of course, they are glad because he can enjoy a rest from his arduous labors without any detriment to the paper. In fact, the lady editor is taking advantage of him while he is gone and is getting out a paper of such excellence and merit that the readers of the paper are delighted. They appreciate the ability, the chipperness and the thoroughness that this week characterizes the News-Reporter, and like the people of Whiteville and Columbus county, the Star desires to express its appreciation of the highly creditable paper which comes to us this week. Mrs. Mims is a young woman of splendid talent and striking gifts, and, for one who is barely more than a girl, she is producing a paper that would set most experienced newspaper men to bragging. She has had no extra help whatever, and it is rather remarkable for a young woman yet in the twenties to be so easily capable of undertaking the work and so admirably succeeding at it. She is also performing her other duties, and the Star seizes this opportunity to recognize both her accomplishments and her achievements.

All who know the talented newspaper woman to whom we refer, speak of her in terms of great admiration. She has one of the happiest, jolliest of dispositions and meets everybody with a smile, while meeting the duties of life with confidence and heroism. One who knows her well declares that her devotion to an invalid husband and her father has done much to win the affection of the people of Whiteville and to merit for her the popularity and admiration which she wins from everybody.—Wilmington Star.

Mrs. Mims is well known in Sumter where she and her husband, Mr. J. Zimble Mims have made their home.

MEXICAN WAR VETERANS.

South Carolina Claims Four Mexican Survivors. All of Palmetto Regiment.

Columbia, Aug. 14.—How many South Carolina veterans of the Mexican war survive? The question came up in conversation at the state house with Mr. W. D. McLaurin, State land agent, and as a result he and a newspaper man dropped in to see Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., secretary of the State Historical Commission.

Mr. Salley said that he understood there were four Mexican survivors, all veterans of the Palmetto regiment: James Alfred McKee, of Easley, Matthews B. Stanley, of Marion county, Joseph Culbreath, of Johnston, and J. J. Martin, now living at East Point, Ga. It is possible there are others, and if so it is hoped the publication of this article will bring the fact to public notice.

It was the Palmetto regiment which captured the works of Santa Anna at Churubusco—which is not Cherubusco, by the way. In that attack the regiment lost both Colonel Pierce M. Butler and Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, and Major Gladden was badly wounded. The negro body servant who brought Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson's body back to the family home in Kershaw county died only a short time ago, and was buried with honors at Camden.

There are a number of Mexican war soldiers surviving in different parts of the country, concerning whom it is mistakenly thought they were members of the Palmetto regiment, when in fact they were members of another South Carolina regiment, recruited later, which did not see service afield, the war closing just as they reached Vera Cruz. Maxey Gregg was lieutenant colonel.

FORECAST OF WEATHER.

Hot Wave Will be Followed by a Week of Cooler Weather.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Sultry weather from which only the Southern Pacific coast States will be exempt, is promised for the country the coming week. According to the weekly forecast of the weather bureau, the hot wave will be followed in the week by cooler weather, numerous thunder storms and local showers marking the change. The forecast says:

"The distribution of atmospheric pressure over the Northern hemisphere is such as to indicate that moderately high temperatures will prevail the first half of the week in the middle West and until the last of the coming week in the Eastern States; in the Southern States and on the Pacific slope normal temperatures are probable. A change to lower temperature will overspread the Northwestern States by the last of the week."

"The principal barometric depression to cross the country during the week is now over the far Northwest; it will move eastward over the Middle West about Wednesday and reach the Eastern States about Friday; it will be preceded and attended by considerable cloudiness and local showers and thunderstorms."

GOMEZ COULD NOT REFUSE.

Willing to Become Candidate for Mexican President.

Mexico City, Aug. 13.—Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez today announced his willingness to become a candidate for the presidency of the republic. In a talk with an Associated Press representative he said that should the anti-re-electionists nominate him he would not see his way clear to refuse the offer. At the same time, however, he declared that his relations with Francisco I. Madero, Jr., were of the most cordial nature and added with a smile that he was still the candidate for the vice-presidency of the Madero ticket.

Another surprise came today when it became known that the old fight between church and state would be resumed in Mexico. Notwithstanding the separation effected by Benito Juarez almost half a century ago, the Catholic church, acting through the "national Catholic party" has formally issued a call for a convention to place in nomination a candidate for the presidency.

That the anti-re-electionists will place Dr. Vasquez in nomination appears probable in view of their formal break with Madero last night. Because of Madero's refusal to annul the constitutional progressive party, which he caused to be created a few weeks ago, the anti-re-electionists repudiated him and named Dr. Vasquez as the head of their party.

Meat Prices Soaring.

New York, Aug. 14.—The prices of meat reached a new high record for the season here today, with an advance of from 75c to \$1.50 per hundred pounds, according to grade. Another rise on Wednesday is anticipated.